

18
A
SEARCH
AFTER
HONESTY.
A
POEM. (107)

By Mr. *TUTCHIN*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the *Author*. 1697

979: 15

To His *FRIEND* Mr. J. T. on the Following *P O E M*.

Prithee, Old Friend, Shall I make bold to Ask,
What Angry Stars have doom'd Thee to this Task?
What Powers Sway'd thy Fancy? What thy Mind?

To Seek a Thing, so Plaguy hard to Find.

First try thy Fate, see how such Projects hit;

Find out something that's Parallel to it.

Find out a CITY destitute of Vice;

Find out that Spot, call'd, The Old Paradise:

Find a French Courtier without Genteel Lyes,

Or any English one that Gold denies.

Find out a Beauty, and no Pride Lodg'd there;

An Honest Thief, and Gen'rous Usurer;

Find out the Unicorn, and Phoenix too,

And from what Cause in Nature they first grew:

When these are found, then we perhaps may see
Some dark blind steps of Light-Heel'd-Honesty.

I once was Led, by Curious Thoughts, to know,

On what Strange Soil this Honesty did grow:

But those I Askt for it, return'd me No.

I from the Lawyer first, Direction sought,

And begg'd his Aid to this my New-born Thought.

Tush, Tush, quoth he, Our Trade is to Adjust

Nice Points of Law, and Doubtfull-Deeds of Trust,

By which we make Men Poor, but seldom Just.

The Doctor felt my Pulse, quoth he, Thou'rt Mad;

Goe Bleed, use Hellebore, and Shave thy Head.

Then to a Priest I went, and told my Want;

Who Fairly Answer'd, He knew nothing on't.

Nay then (quoth I) if this is own'd by All,

I'll Use it Sparingly, or not at All:

I'll Talk on't too, like others, without Ground;

The Crowd they'll Stare, Believe, and so't goes round.

What is this thing, that Men so Lameely Know?
This Honesty? so much Pretended to.
Tis nothing. Or, What's next to't, but a Toy?
Of-times a Shooing-horn for Knavery:
'Tis Faith's next Heir, a Jewel, if you knew it;
Ingross'd by all, though very few dare shew it.
'Tis like the Solvent, Chymist's talk so on;
A sort of Witch-craft, more Believ'd then Known:
'Tis like the Flame that doth so fine appear,
But Burns the Skin of him that comes too near:
'Tis vainly Call'd, what vauntingly we boast;
Talk't by the Wise, Believ'd to Weak Mens Cost:
'Tis like the Maiden-head weak Men Adore;
Ne'r Found when Lost, nor never seen before.
This Truth all know; and some Men to their Sorrow:
One's Honest now, perhaps a Knave to Morrow.
Then what's the Honesty in Common Vogue?
When he that hath it, Proves next Day a ROGUE.
Were it as Plenty as 'tis said to be,
More Honest Deeds, and fewer Knaves you'd see.
Tis Craft and Skill, not Justice, makes the Knave;
Who, to Enrich his Heir, himself's a Slave.
To swell th'Estate, Crowds in a Crime or Two;
So gains his Point, 'tis no great matter How.
So Heires are Curst: Estates too, now and then;
And this too done by them, Call'd, Honest Men.

Well, Friend, Go on, in this Design Abide,
And th' Great Being be thy Sacred Guide.
'Tis Brave and Gen'rous: Nay, a Noble Strain,
To seek for that, which few Men wish to gain:
'Tis a Design of such Descent and Birth,
That proves 'twas Born Above, not here on Earth.
As a Reward, may thou its Birth-place View,
As a Possessor, not as Pilgrims Do:
Let us be Honest: Us, that Shrine Adore;
A Blessing still Attends it, though we're Poor.

A
S E A R C H
After Honesty.

IN Silent Shades, upon the Banks of *Thames*,
A Penfive Bard fate viewing of the Streams ;
He thought, retiring, to have found Reliefe,
But Shades and Darksome Scenes augment our Griefe :
Long he his Country and her Fate did Mourn,
And Pray'd for more Auspicious days return ;
His Godess, HONESTY, he long had lost.
Upon the Ages Impious Surges tost.
No Influence, no Tract of her he finds,
But what remains in his and Generous Minds ;
Whether She's fled, or how disturb'd of rest,
He long resolv'd within his Tortur'd Breast.

'To Forreign Climes, from Heavenly Seats Above,
 Bearing the Mandates of Almighty *Jove*,
 As Angels do with swiftest speed repair
 Through the vast Empires of extended Air;
 Guided by Heav'nly Charts, a Passage find,
 And leave the Winds and Flagging Clouds behind,
 At once they view the Regions of the *Sky*,
 And Humane Actions, as aloft they fly.
 Thus does the Mind all distant Forms survey,
 And Just *Ideas* to it self convey;
 Things hid in Dark recess to Light are brought,
 By Inspiration, or a Turn of Thought.

His Mind first brought him, as the chief of things,
 Unto the Gilded Pallaces of Kings;
 He thought a GODESS of so Great a Port
 Was fit for Empire, and receiv'd at COURT;
 Soon the Mistaken Bard his Error found,
 When Fancy brought him on the Slipp'ry Ground;
 Nature does here with hideous Forms affright,
 And Paints the Landscape of Eternal Night.

The Sun, whose Blessing is his heat Divine,
 Does here, like some Enchanted Taper, shine ;
 Pimps, Parasites and Knaves make up the Throng,
 Whilst Ghosts of Poyson'd Monarchs glide along.
 A Den, where none but Beasts of Prey resort,
 And hatch New Crimes, their Old Ones to Support.
 Night-Ravens Perch, with the Ill-boding-Owl ;
 State-Foxes Bark, and Ravenous Tygers Howl.
 Goblins Transform themselves, and Night-Mares Prance ;
 Elves Bellow Loud, and Ghastly Satyrs Dance.
 Men here by Philtres do provoke their Loves,
 And every Woman a Medusa proves :
 Each Man, with Envy, does the next surprize,
 The Small-ones Grumble as the Great-ones Rise ;
 One Man Preferr'd, the Residue Combine,
 And do his State-Foundations Undermine :
 Yet all Aspiring to be Gay and Great,
 Alike, they Flatter, and alike they Cheat.

Still Fancy leads him, by Mistaken Rules,
 And brings him, next, to Colleges and Schools ;
 Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption Fed ;
 Where *Priests* are Form'd, and Holy *Cheats* are Bred ;
 Taught to Mislead the Ignorant from the Way,
 Bewitch their Sences, and their Faith Betray :
 From these, as from the Stews, do overflow,
 (Numerous, as Grass does on the Mountains grow)
Monks, Nuns and Priests, of every Sect and Kind,
 The same in Virtue, and the same in Mind :
 Here, to the Sacred Altar he repairs,
 Hoping to Meet his *Goddeſs* at her Prayers :
 With Pervert Zeal the *Priests* Devotion Pay,
 With Outward CANT, and Hearts within Astray :
 By Formal Zeal the Trading-Priesthood Thrives,
 Yet Damn their Doctrine in their Wicked Lives.
 Incens'd at this, our *Poet* did expreſs
 His Juſt Reſentments, in ſuch Words as theſe ;
 “ How much this Age, than others, is Accuſt ?
 “ How much Unlike what was Created Firſt ?
 “ The Infant-World with Care and Plenty Bleſt,
 “ Knew not the Plague nor odious Name of *Prieſt* ;

" Each Man a Temple in his Dwelling saw,
 " And Taught his Children to Expound the Law ;
 " Was Priest himself, yet Plough'd his Fertile Soil,
 " And eat the Sweets of all his Care and Toil ;
 " No Black-Invader did his Ease molest,
 " Nor Pay'd he Tythes to a Voracious Priest ;
 " Pamper'd with Ease, eat *Manna* for his Bread,
 " Yet loath'd those Daintys which his Bowels fed,
 " At once, his *God* and *Liberty* Detests.
 " He, like the Heathen-Nations, crav'd for Priests ;
 " Th' Almighty Frown'd, and in his Anger gave
 " A Priest, shou'd make unthinking Man a Slave :
 " Scarce half his Bleating Flocks cou'd now suffice
 " The *Priest* for Office and for Sacrifice :
 " The Priestly-pride devour'd the Layman's Wealth ;
 " The *Hearers* Illness was the *Preacher's* Health :
 " The Unadulterate Priesthood never knew
 " The Glory, Strength, nor Lewdness of the New.
 " Nor does the New those Sacred Tenents hold,
 " Nor love the Faith and Vertue of the old.
 " Good God ! no longer let us be Accurs'd !
 " But show this Age how Man was Govern'd First ;

"Wee'l soon acknowledge thy Imperial Power;
 " While thy Just Sway our Wooden Gods devour;
 " Under thy Banner willing Nations call,
 " Nor trust Mankind t'attempt a Second Fall:

Next, to his Mind, a Martial Wight appears,
 His Aspect Fierce, and Beautify'd with Scars,
 Who does conduct him to the Scenes of Wars;
 Where Mighty *Squadrons* range upon the Plain,
 While Large *Battalions* Canvass Tents contain:
 Not such as *Romes* expiring Glories rais'd,
 And made the Wondring World around Amaz'd;
 Whose Prowess gain'd their State a just Applause,
 With Arms proportion'd to so good a Cause;
 Repair'd the Fame of its declining State,
 And made *Romes* Empire and her Glories great:
 These never knew the *Modern Arts* of War,
 Fighting, and not Entrenching, was their Care.
 The God of War disowns his Progeny,
 And *Bacchus* is amaz'd, asham'd to see
 Men more Debauch'd, and Profligate than He.

One Boasts his Valour, and his Fam'd Exploits,
 Tho' he for Coin, not for his Country Fights :
 Beneath a Gloomy Ditch, one Wounded lies,
 Praying to God to Damn him ere he Dies.
 Vile Wretch, that would his Destiny Forefall,
 And, for what others Dread, so Vainly Call ;
 Loud, as Defeated Armies, when they Fly,
 They Belch out Oaths, and Blacken all the Sky.
 No Footsteps here of *Honesty* remain,
 Impiety and Lewdness fill the Plain.

In vain, o're Hills and Mountains he Complains ;
 In vain he treads the Unfrequented Plains :
 Next he Attempts the Billows of the Deep,
 Where *Neptune* Rules, and's Watry-Court does keep :
 Tho' Brittle *Barks* are here to pieces Torn,
Venus, a Goddess, on the Waves was Born :
 Here Raging Winds are sometimes Lull'd Asleep,
 And *Halcyon's* Brood upon the Silent Deep :
 Here Little *Cupid* does Expand his Wing,
 And *Tritons* Dance, while Lovely *Syrens* Sing :

He Views the Gilded Ships, who Lofty Ride,
 And with their Prows Stem the Approaching Tide;
 Pleas'd with the Goodly Sight, allur'd from Far,
 Tho' with the mean Perfumes of Pitch and Tarr,
 He does Approach, They Marine State provide,
 The *Boatswain's* Whistle, and they Man the Side;
 He enters, is receiv'd in Awful Port,
 Beholds the Splendour of a Marine Court;
 He looks around, and stands amaz'd to see
 The Costly Splendid Luxury of the Sea;
 In Wooden Castles Floating from afar,
 The *Captains* Curfing as the *Sailors* Swear,
 Than Sands themselves, more Treacherous, on the shoar,
 Or Faithless Winds, when Angry Tempests Roar.
 Tyrannick *Sway* o'r *Government* prevails,
 They'r puffed with Pride as *Boreas* fills their sails;
 In whose Bigg Bellies undiscover'd lye
 The Fate of Kings, and *Sailor's* Destiny;
 Like footy Fiends, they to their Cabbins Creep,
Leviathan, not *Neptune*, Rules the Deep.

Fatigu'd in Search, and in his Mind oppress'd,
 Our *Poet* lays his Weary'd Limbs to Rest :
 Ease to our Limbs, in every place, we find,
 But what can Ease the Labours of the Mind ?
 When the declining Sun dropt out of sight,
 And Evening Stars had Usher'd in the Night ;
 And Wanton Fishes, which before did Sport
 On the Streams Surface to the Deep resort,
 To their Repose upon some Slimy Bed,
 Or in the Caverns of the Banks are laid,
 Two gent'e *Charons*, Rowing, he espy'd,
 With Well-tym'd Oars, upon the Ebbing-Tyde ;
 They took him in, and to *Augusta* came,
Augusta, great in Riches as in Fame,
 He views each Stately Dome, each lofty Spire,
 A *Phoenix* City sprung from Fatal Fire ;
 With Trade and Riches in abundance blest,
 By Forreign Empires and Great states Garrest :
 Each Flowing-Tide does fill her Crowded Port
 With Ships cou'd bear the Island they do Court ;

Whose Wooden-Wombs produce a Mighty Birth
 Of all the Treasures of the Distant Earth,
 Ships, who, like Bees, to Both the *Indies* Roam,
 And having Plunder'd where'so're they come,
 Do, to this Hive, bring all their Honey Home. }
 VVith Generous VVine, and Costly Dainties fill'd,
Augusta's Sons devour what Swains have Till'd.
 Her Mighty Bigness does augment her state,
 And Borrowing Princes at her Chamber wait.
 In Princely Pallaces her Sons reside,
 And grow as VVanton as the Flowing Tide.
 Her VVomen Beauteous, of Majestick Port ; }
Venus and *Cupid* both keep here their Court }
 But our Bard's *Goddess* here has no resort.
 A Fabrick stands near to its Rivers Edge,
 VVhere Two Kind † *Sisters* Built a Lofty Bridge ;
 A Monument of Vast Aspiring Height,
 VVond'rous in Form, Amazing to the Sight ;
 Founded in *Orphans* Ruine, *Widdows* Tears,
 And the Collected Wealth of many Years ;

† The BRIDGE Built by a Waterman's Two Daughters.

It's lofty Top, in thicker Air it shrouds,
And hides its shameful Head among the Clouds ;
Aspiring thus it nearer Heaven does grow,
That Heaven might see Mens Villanies below.
Founded at first a Monument for Sin,
Because the Cities Flames did here begin.
Thus some Lewd *Priest*, who, like a sharpen'd Scythe,
Has Mow'd a Parish of its Wealth for Tythe ;
Heaven to Appease, he most Devoutly Prays,
And all his Plunder on the Altar lays.

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From hence our *Poet* Views the Crowded Streets,
And various Men with various Minds he Meets ;
Some Trick, like Courtiers, with Despotick Power,
And, like Great Fish, the Lesser Fry devour.
Some Clad with *Livery Fines*, profusely live,
And o're the Pavements in their Coaches drive.
Bankrupts Commissions make some Rich and Great ;
He only Best does Trade, who Best does Cheat,

Next at the *Inns of Court* a while he stops ;
 In those Dark Cells he for his *Doddefs* Gropes,
 As scatter'd Limbs of Beasts in pieces Torn,
 The Entrance to a Lyon's Den Adorne :
 Thus at each *Lawyers Door* does Groveling lye
 The Poor Remains of some Lost Family ;
 Praying, for what was once, by Law, their Own,
 By Parchment Murder'd, and False Deeds Undone.
 Lord! ~~How~~ these Brutes with one another Jarr,
 And Scold a Tryal at the Noisy Barr ?
 Lawyers, like Taylors Sheers, do Ope and Shut,
 And Grind each other in their Clients Suite ;
 But still the Client is the Cloth they Cut.
 Corrupted Gold from Plainest Statutes draw ;
 As Priests do Wrest the *Gospel*, these the *Law*.

From these, as from the *Pestilence*, he Runs,
 And takes a View of *Aesculapins* Sons ;
 Environ'd round with Sceletons they sit,
 And Instruments of Grizly Death do fit.

No Ball from Canons Mouth more surely Kills ;
 Nor halfe so many as their Poys'nous Pills :
 Not from *Pandora's* Box more Poysons flye,
 Then in their Nasty Drugs and Extracts lye,
 Denying Use of Natures wholsome Food,
 They, with their *Recipes*, Corrupt our Blood.
 Curst is the Wretch the Goblin-*Doctor* Haunts ;
 He's Kill'd by Inches, Stung to Death by *Ants* :
 Yet Mild-Authority Approves their Skill ;
Hangmen and *Doctors* have a Right to Kill.

Our *Bard* Confounded with the City Cheats,
 Like Pious *Lot*, from *Sodom* he Retreats ;
 Where he his *Goddeſs* , or his Fate may find,
 Nor caſts one Unauſpicious Look behind :
 He Walks a-foot along the Duſty Road,
 Where Waggonſ Groan beneath their Mighty Load ;
 Where, from the Towns on *Albion's* diſtant Coaſt,
 Men, to *Auguſta*, Travel, like an Hoſt :
 When *Sol's* Hot Station did oppoſe the North,
 And, through the Air, Warm Beams were darted forth.

Beneath a Shrub our *Poet* lays him down,
 To Ease his Limbs, and pass the Heat at Noon;
 No Dainties here Grace his Contented Board,
 But what the Brambles and the Hedge afford.
 What Liquor Nature had created first,
 Did from the Brook away his Heat and Thirst.
 With Gentle Slumbers, and with Ease Refresh'd,
 (Not Men, on Downy Beds, more sweetly Rest;)
 He Travels o'er the Melancholy Heath,
 And Views the Valleys, and the Heards beneath;
 Till Sol Retir'd unto his Place of Rest,
 And all in Darkness the *Horizon* Drest:
 Our *Poet* now a Lonesome Wood had found,
 Beneath whose Boughs he lays him on the Ground:
 Unto his *Goddeſs* first his Prayers he made,
 Whilst Birds did Sing their *Vespers* o're his Head.
 No Beast of Prey disturb'd his soft Repose,
 But in the Morning to his Toil he rose.
 Long o're the Hills and Mountains he Complains,
 And makes Enquiry of the Pagan Swains;
 Some little notice of the Swains he had,
 His *Goddeſs* *Honesty* that Way was Fled.

One Evening, as he past a Loanfome Plain,
 Scorch't with the Sun, and seldom Blest with Rain ;
 Hither for Herbage Beasts do ne're Repair,
 Nor will the Soil reward the Tillers Care ;
 A Little Village near the Plain there stood,
 Contiguous to a Small, but Lofly Wood ;
 Like some, more happy, Unfrequented Grove,
 Where Turtles Wooe, and Swains Commence their Love :
 Whether Inspir'd, or Destitute of Food,
 He Steers his Course by the obliging Wood ;
 Beneath the Shadow of whose Spreading Trees,
 Guarded by *Cottagers*, his *Goddess* Sees.
 Though her Mean State Proclaim'd aloud Despair,
 She still was Charming, and her Features Fair :
 He made Obeysance at his *Goddess* Feet,
 And she did kindly her Adorer Greet :
 Dear Youth ! She says, From whence proceeds this Toil ?
 What makes thee Ravage this Deserted Isle ?
 Long I Her Cities and her Towns have Left,
 Of all their *Gods* and *Honesty* Bereft :
 To seek New Converts in the Thickest Shades,
 Freee from the Crowds the Noisy Town invades

But *Honesty* is every where the same,
 Though Courts may hate *Her*, nor *Her* Worth Proclaim.
 Each Rising-Sun does Fresher Charms Engage;
 She's not Decay'd, but more Improv'd by Age.
 Then Sit Down, Youth, and See my Homely Court,
 What Humble Pageantries my Pomp Support.

F I N I S.
